

Grocery Shopping

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Summary: ALY POST Hairspray oneshot Corny meets Maybelle at the grocery store. Warning: Suggestive peanut butter jokes, Corny's strange diet, a battle over chocolate milk, and real names and hair colors. Cute and fluffy cornymaybelle

Grocery Shopping

Grocery Shopping

Rating: K+

Genre: Humor/Friendship. There's not a flirting category!

Summary: Corny meets Maybelle at a grocery store. Happens somewhere after Hairspray, u could guess.

Disclaimer: The only things of Hairspray I own are the DVD, CD, dolls, pins, and postersâ|. Jeez just a lot of stuff but I don't own _it_.

_Author's Note: __There are like, 4 other good Corny/Motormouth stories, and I cannot let that number stay! It's just disgusting that there are more Corny/Amber stories, and in the words of Noelle, Corny does not rape little kids! _

(Oh, one more thing. I asked Jeeves if super-markets were segregated in the 1960's and he said no!)

Corny scanned the shelves of isle number four of the Winn-Dixie supermarket with the handle to an empty cart under his palms and a grocery list he'd probably forgotten about sticking out of his back pocket. He was ready to rumble! 'Lez seeâ| um, linguini, ravioli, soupâ|' he silently mumbled to himself as he racked the racks, if you will, looking for the easiest the to cook. Cook as in heat up in the toaster oven. Which of course, always meant Raman noodles! _Toss._ Into the cart. Okay, one item down, god knows how many more to go! He

continued on to the canned foods, scanning for his favorite- 'Aha, here we go.' Found it! His favorite food, peanut butter. He could eat peanut butter straight out of the cans, in dozens, with a silver spoon. Or plastic spoon. It didn't really matter. To shorten that, he just ate a lot of peanut butter! Especially the Elvis kind! Maybe that was the reason he liked it so much. But who has a reason for liking peanut butter anyway? He got seven or eight jars of it in his cart, then pushed the wheels in motion towards the next isle. "Hey there!" He felt a tug at his collar, and turned his hairspray-ed head around. "Hey- Hello Ms.Maybelle." He clutched his cart and fell back a little bit so he could walk with her. "How you doing?"

"Alright, alright."She took a jar of strawberry jelly off of the shelve and dropped it into her cart, at the same time checking out the contents of Corny's (cart). "Ooh, somebody likes peanut butter. What, you hosting mice at that apartment of yours?"

He laughed. "Hey, what's wrong with peanut butter?" He held up a jar, with that stupid smile on his face. "Elvis likes it too!"

She rolled her eyes. "So that's why." They went on walking. He talked. "And you know, I like my peanut butter the way I like my women-chunky." **(Haha quote Zac Efron!) **He winked, and she stifled a grin. "Charming. I heard Link use that one last week, you takin' lessons from him?"

"Are you kidding? That's a Corny original!" He lied. "Is it working?"

"Just keep walking boy."

He smiled and obeyed, because hey, it wasn't a no.

Next isle, isle five, cereal. Corny stocked up on some Trix- "Silly rabbit, Trix are for kids!" Maybelle teased, and pulled down a box of Inez's favorite, Sugar Jets. **(Which was a real cereal in the early 60's!)* "She eats these the way you probably do to that peanut butter!" she joked, which had not a thing to do with the peanut butter joke from before, mind you readers with dirty minds! Ok, cereal was caked (fancy word for finished). Bread could've been next, but it wasn't on Maybelle's list, and Corny didn't want to stare at bread by himself, and since he didn't have a list, he figured he'd just follow her instead of getting himself confused the way you are after reading all that. So meat was next! Maybelle picked up a package of chicken and Corny stood there quietly. "You getting anything?" She asked. He shook his head. "No, I wouldn't kill myself eating raw meat-."

"That's why you cook It." she replied, raising an eyebrow catching herself before she could add 'stupid'. He just laughed. "Cooking and Corny Collins do not go together. Ever since that cake incident when I was nine-." He shuddered. "Never mind. I have a toaster oven."

"Hmm." She studied him, wondering if he had any mental problems that she should know about. "You mean you haven't had a home cooked meal?!"

"Not since I last saw my mother. 12 years ago."

"Oh, boy we gotta get some good food in that little stomach! You're coming to my place for Sunday dinner next week, no buts about it!"

"Okee." He smiled. He felt like that was some sort of hint. To what, well, I don't know. If you do, review and tell me.

Next came the frozen foods. Corny, obviously, went all out here. Frozen waffles, frozen TV dinners, frozen pizza, etc, etc, etc,. Maybelle could hardly keep up with him, and some of the things he put in his cart she didn't even know came frozen. She just picked up a package of ice pops, because when you have a hormonal teenaged boy and an off-the-wall 9-year-old, you've always gotta have a box of those in the house! "Ok, done!" Corny pulled his cart up next to hers. She stared at him; decided that he probably did have one of those mental problems. "What!?"

"Are you hoarding all of Iceland in your freezer?"

"What?"

"I just hope that that toaster oven of yours holds up." She rolled her eyes, and the wheels of her cart, and kept on walking. The next isle, was dairy stuff.

Cheese, milk, yogurt, and the usual stuff a mother buys: Motormouth's cart.

Cheese, cream cheese, ice cream, chocolate milk, the usual stuff a single guy buys: Corny's cart.

Actually, Maybelle needed to get chocolate milk, but Corny grabbed the last one. Uh-oh.

She gave him a look that said,'Yo, I was gonna get that!'

He replied with one that was meant to say, 'Who? Me?' but really said, 'I know.' It's amazing how much people can say without talking, right? He kept walking, like he didn't have the last chocolate milk in his cart. And she rolled her eyes like, Ding ding! Round one's over!

"Alright." She walked up next to him. "What's a single mother gonna have to do to get some chocolate milk for her children?"

"I dunno. You already got normal milk. I didn't. So it seems fair."

She frowned. "Oh, so you wanna be like that, huh?" Then, that frown from before was smiling, and she reached over and whispered in his ear, "You know how many symbols of racial equality this could be translated as?" He laughed out loud. Not because of the sense that that statement didn't make, but because of the sense it did make. "Haha, haha, yeah you're still not getting my chocolate milk." He strode along. She was getting desperate. "Come on!"

"Ooh look, two for one sale on microwave popcorn."

"Don't think you're getting out of it that easy."

He kept walking, but now was his turn to roll his eyes. "Like you don't have enough chocolate milk to go aroundâ€|" He mumbled, not really expecting anyone to hear him. But she did, and stopped dead in her tracks-

"Excuse me?"

"Hmm?" Now he tried to play it off, look innocent. Which does not work, trust me, it never works!

"Oh boy, you better give me that carton before this is about to get ugly!" she grabbed his chin and shot a finger at his face. "You know what?" He didn't answer. He looked scared, which made her laugh and release his face. "You think I was really gonna do something?"

"Oh, um, no, Iâ€| "

She laughed. "You are soâ€|" She thought. "Yeah, what?"

"White."

He groaned. "You know what, I didn't want that milk anyway." He tossed it into her cart and she beamed. _I won! _He went on, all frowny faced and stuff. "You get that popcorn?" she asked carelessly.

"Hmph."

"Oh come on, don't be bitter honey."

"Whatever."

Now she was teasing him. "You're mad cuz I won? Don't be mad- Tommy!" He stopped. "H-how did you know!?"

She laughed again. "A little _mouse _told me." She referred, to the nickname Corny had given to Inez. "No she didn't!" She smirked. "Thomas."

"That was a secret!"

"Thomas."

"Would you stop it!?"

She didn't. "I would've changed it, if I were you- Tom Collins. That's kinda cute."

He played with his tie. "Oh, you think so?"

"I do think so."

He blushed, and she laughed again. "Hey Tom, I'm proud of you!"

"What?"

"We just passed the hair-care isle, and you didn't even flinch!"

"What the f- oh shiz!" he squealed, and jolted right into that hair-care isle. And a display of Hairspray bottles, which he cleaned up anyway, then he pranced from shelf to shelf, not really picking out anything, just staring at all of those products. If anything could make Motormouth laugh today, it would be this, because how many people actually get to see Corny Collins in his natural habitat? Ok, she was sure he wasn't looking, and slipped something secret into her cart. "Hey-." He stopped his little daydream and came over to her. "What you get?"

"Nothing, nothing."

"Well, it looks like something-." He saw it. "GASP!"

"It's not- this isn't what it looks like- I meanâ€|" Uh-oh. The secrets out.

"Blonde hair-dye!?" That was crazy, right? He was astounded! "I don't believe it!"

> "Good, than don't."<p>

"Hey-." He grabbed her hand, and she looked up (or well, down in this case) at him, startled. "I'll keep your secret if you keep mine."

She nodded. "Deal." He let go of her hand and grabbed a package of muffins, from the next isle. But, he still had to gloat about this newfound secret.

"That's the weirdest thingâ€|I always thought it was realâ€|"

"Don't say anything and everyone else will too." That was pretty much it.

Smiling, and glowing with his new knowledge, Corny followed her to the check out.

"It's amazing how much you can learn about somebody just from grocery shopping with them, huh?" He said.

She nodded. "Sure is."

They paid, loaded the bags, (paper for Corny, plastic for Maybelle) and got outta there.

"See ya Monday, Tommy!" She called to him, and he groaned. "See ya."

How am I supposed to end this? I was never good at concluding sentences. Let's go Mets!

End
file.